

Syncope

I came to
and found myself
abbreviated,

clavicle newly fused to pelvis,

everything 'twixt throat and hips
contracted: the missing 'v' in o'er
and what I ne'er can have.

Stomach, lungs, and heart distilled
to this unvoiced apostrophe
hanging just before me—

You, absent
in every sense
imaginable,

pencil red by casual surgery,

are likewise swoon's first cause and
ammonia's jolt that brought me 'round
to face this grand redaction:

forgotten by deficient tongues,
all sounds of valediction gone
missing from my middle.

Upon your sterile return, at least
this awkward new anatomy
won't suffer me to stand

too quickly

again.